

ROUND THE HORN.

Experience of T. Ely-Harden of Boston in the Role of Merchant-Sailor.

Atlanta Journal.

In a letter to a friend in this city the last week, Mr. T. Ely-Harden, of Boston, who left New York over six months ago on a merchant vessel bound for Manila, gives a vivid description of the trip round the Horn on a sailing vessel.

Mr. Ely-Harden has traveled in the conventional manner to nearly every quarter of the globe, and thought the novelty of throwing in his lot with that of sailors in the merchant service would be a novel and interesting experience. During the first few days out all was well, and the hard fare and merry songs of the mariners were pleasant things, but these soon lost their keenness, and when repeated three times a day for a space of six months, became decidedly anger-raising.

His letter was written several days before reaching Manila Bay, and after landing postscripts were added. Following are extracts from the epistle:

"By the time this reaches you it will probably be over six months since you wished me bon voyage as our ship drifted out of New York harbor. These months may have passed quickly with you, but for me they have seemed like as many years. It has been so long since I have had any communication with the world that I am beginning to believe that there is no world beyond the confines of our ship.

"Another ten days or so will bring us to the shores of Manila, if we meet with no accident in the meantime, and it will be a glad day for this ship's company when they can once more set foot on dry land. No one who has not had the experience can realize what it is to be six months on a sailing ship. One hundred and five days out of sight of land and fifty-five of those without even the glimpse of a passing sail, alone on the boundless Pacific.

"Our ship's company numbers twenty-nine souls all told. Of these the captain and first mate are the only ones I have any intercourse with, and naturally we are sufficiently tired of each other's faces. We have become so bored with each other's society that it affords amusement for us to quarrel and fight. For the last month we are seldom together for half an hour at a time without exchanging personalities and often cuffs. These quarrels are, of course, not lasting, and are made up as quickly as entered into.

"One day is like another—Sundays and holidays—they are all the same. The only way we keep track of the days of the week is by what we have to eat. We know Monday is salt-beef day, Tuesday salt codfish day, Wednesday salt pork day, and so through the week. I come on deck in the morning at daylight before dressing, take a look around at the sea and sky for a time and after watching the sun rise, which is a sight in these waters beautiful beyond description, go below and take a salt bath. After this coffee is in order, after which, return to the deck, remaining until 7:30, when breakfast is served. The rest of the morning is spent in walking around the deck watching the work and gazing at the sea and sky. At 12:30 we eat dinner, after which reading and a nap are indulged in. At 5:30 we take supper, which is followed by walking or sitting on deck exchanging yarns and, lately, sarcasms. Nine o'clock finds us in bed.

"The weather furnishes the only variety to this life. We have had storms and calms, hurricanes and earthquakes, tidal waves and water-springs and about everything else on Neptune's bill of fare. A storm on ocean liners is bad enough, but on a sailing ship, when your sail are being torn into ribbons and every other wave sweeps the deck from stem to stern, when they have to bail your cabin out with buckets, when you take your meals standing up or sitting down, as the case may be, when all the crew are called aft and kept there to prevent their being washed overboard, when you can't see the ship's lights in any direction and the captain's voice sounds dim and far away above the shrieking of the wind, then it becomes serious and you feel perfectly willing to exchange places with anyone, no matter who, that is on land. The spectacle is grand at first, but after awhile you cease to appreciate the grandeur and wonder that you keep aloft.

"I am a pretty good sailor, and should, if anything went wrong, be able to bear a hand, but I admit that storms at sea are not my favorite amusements. However, we have gone this far without mishap, and unless we encounter a typhoon in the China Sea, I guess we will get through in safety. The Captain and myself are the only ones in the quarter of the ship where my stateroom is located, so there is plenty of room, and, as staterooms go, mine is fairly large and airy. Our vessel is a splendid sea-

boat and weathered every gale so encountered in good shape.

"The worst feature is the living, and that is simply vile, and, of course, grows worse each day we are out. A ship's mainstay in the food line is 'salt horse' (beef), salt pork, bacon and hardtack. We have a few other things, such as salt codfish, salt mackerel, salt herring and plain salt. On Sunday some kind of canned goods appears by way of variety, and great luxury. This kind of fare is good in its way for a short time, but after months of these things, without the sign of a vegetable or piece of fresh meat, the fare becomes unsavory, and both the appetite and health begin to suffer.

"One of our greatest troubles has been with the stores. For some reason, a poor quality of provisions was taken aboard, in the first place, and, as a consequence, we have suffered. Our rice, oatmeal and hardtack are full of weevils; the beans, white and lima, full of small, white worms; the salt pork and bacon moldy, and as for the 'salt horse,' well, I won't tell you about that, and the salt fish is loud enough to speak for itself. When we left Norfolk we had onions and chickens. The former rotted before we reached the equator, and the latter were eaten or died in a very short time. Most of our voyage has been under a tropical sun, and it is very difficult to keep anything in the way of food under atmospheric conditions, such as we encountered.

"I have been writing this letter for several days, and now as we are entering the Bay of Manila will put the closing lines to it. The last month has been very hard, and it is impossible to imagine with what delight the land roasts our sea-weary eyes. Natives are swarming around the ship in canoes, with all manner of fruit and vegetables to sell us. I will do these ample justice when I have finished this letter. There is a mail ship leaving to-day, hence my hurry.

"I am glad the voyage is over, and unless I can return in a swift liner, think I will spend my days on the island rather than take another six months' trip around Cape Horn in a sailing vessel."

Appomattox Day in Chicago.

CHICAGO, April 10.—Seldom if ever in Chicago has a more enthusiastic body of men met around a banquet table than the one which met to-night under the auspices of the Hamilton Club, to celebrate Appomattox day, and to greet Governor Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, who had come from Albany as the guest of honor of the club. The enthusiasm was extended in generous measure to the other speakers of the evening, but the greater part of it was given to the Governor.

Fully six hundred were around the banquet tables when President Cody, of the club, who presided, rapped for order, and, in a short, but felicitous address introduced the guest of the evening. As soon as Governor Roosevelt was given a chance to talk he delivered his address on "The Strenuous Life."

Before Governor Roosevelt delivered his address Gen. John C. Black, of Chicago, spoke on "Grant," and eulogized the great commander in a warm and happy manner.

Congressman Evan Settle, of Kentucky, followed with an address upon "Lee." Applause, which had greeted the remarks of Gen. Black, found its counterpart in the cheers that met the Kentuckian's praise of the great Southern leader.

Postmaster General Smith closed the addresses relating to the civil war by a speech on "The Union." His remarks were met with the greatest applause, and his sentiment that the flag that flew over the men who followed Grant now flew alike for those who marched with Lee and would continue to fly for both called forth cheers of approval. At the conclusion of the banquet Governor Roosevelt spent a short time in his hotel; and was then driven to the Michigan Central depot, where he took a train for Ann Arbor, where he is to address the students of Michigan University to-morrow.

He Was Doing It.

A gentleman going into his stable one day found his little son astride of one of the horses, with a slate and pencil in his hand. "Why, Harry," he exclaimed, "what are you doing?"

"Writing a composition," was the reply. "Well, why don't you write it in the library?" asked the father. "Because," answered the little fellow, "the teacher told me to write a composition on a horse."

The family that keeps on hand and uses occasionally the celebrated Prickly Ash Bitters is always a well regulated family. For sale by Evans Pharmacy.

Excused from Jury Duty.

A good story is being told about a juror who was drawn for service in the criminal court recently on a murder case. He was one of those men who was willing to do his part as a good citizen, but he had a prejudice against circumstantial evidence which was so strong he could not dispel it from his mind, and it finally became necessary to excuse him.

He answered the questions put to him by the prosecuting attorney to qualify, but when the attorney for the defendant got down to where he asked him if he would convict a person on circumstantial evidence he hesitated. "Why do you hesitate?" asked the judge.

"Well, I'll be frank with you," replied the juror. "I don't believe in it."

"If the evidence was so overwhelming that there could be no doubt of the guilt of the prisoner, wouldn't you vote to convict?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Judge, can I whisper to you?"

"Yes."

There was a three-minute conversation between the judge and the juror, at the conclusion of which the judge smiled, and then he said: "Juror, you are excused."

The attorneys did not forget the incident and at the end of the day's session they asked the judge what the trouble was with Mr. —, naming the juror who was excused.

The judge said the man told him he was the owner of a farm in Cheektowaga, and among his live stock was a handsome pet calf. One day while he was out in the barn yard chopping at a fence with an ax this calf made a break to get out of the yard. With the ax still in his hand he ran after the animal and caught him by the tail. Just as he was dragging it back from an opening in the fence a member of the family happened along, and, seeing him with the ax in his hand, concluded he was suffering with an attack of senile dementia and in his fury was trying to hack the poor beast into veal cutlets.

"Judge, I was perfectly rational, and I protested that I was attempting nothing of the kind," said the juror, "but appearances were against me, and to this day I am unable to convince my family that I was not crazy and was not trying to murder the calf. That's the reason I am against circumstantial evidence."—Buffalo News.

A Master Made a Slave.

For long centuries men had cowed in terror before the approach of the world's master—death. He had been supreme. Great and small were alike subject to him, and the fear of the race was the fear of death.

But this world-swaying seepster has been broken. The power of the relentless ruler has been overcome. Death, once the master of mankind, has been dethroned by Christ and made his servant. Jesus destroyed the power of death, and he took from the tomb its terror, by showing that he was Lord even over the universal destroyer.

Thenceforth death has been but a slave of Christ. It no longer has a will of its own, but goes and comes only at his bidding. When he sends it forth, it dare not stay; when he bids it stay, it cannot go forth. Jesus is absolute Master of the king of terrors.

Now, we need no more fear death, for it is only a message from our loving Master. It has no power of its own to harm us; all it can do is to open the door to the King's presence, and that it does only at the King's bidding. He who is a friend of the king need care nothing for the lackeys who serve in the king's court. Neither should the Christian dread the approach of this slave of the great King who loves us.

—Ever since the Mexican war a cork leg and boot captured from Gen. Santa Ana have been in the War Museum of Springfield, Ill. It is now proposed to send them back to the family of the General, and this purpose having been communicated to President Diaz, he has made the following acknowledgement: "I appreciate greatly the kindness and goodness of the purpose communicated which may actuate the honorable members of that legislative house, and which concerns the family of Major Gen. Santa Ana. The sending back of the cork limb into their possession would be an estimable course, and, without doubt, a very pleasing and acceptable attention to them, and it would be a pledge of friendship of great value. Your respectful servant, Porfirio Diaz."

Many so-called "bitters" are not medicines, but simply liquors disguised, so as to evade the law. Prickly Ash Bitters is not one of this class. It is strictly a medicine, acting primarily on the kidneys, liver and bowels, and for the dangerous diseases that attack these organs it is a remedy of the first grade. There is nothing objectionable in its taste, it has a very agreeable flavor and is acceptable to the most delicate stomach. Sold by Evans Pharmacy.

Painless Dentistry.

Many years ago, writes a western correspondent, a group of cowboys rode into the frontier town of Prairieville, and while cantering down the principal street, came to a sign—"Painless Dentist." They emptied the contents of their revolvers into it, and then one of the company dismounted and announced his intention to go in and get a sore tooth attended to. "And I don't pay any fancy price for it, neither," he muttered, as he walked noisily into the office.

The dentist was a quiet-looking young man of 25.

"See here!" shouted the cowboy, as he advanced towards the chair, "I want a tooth fixed, and I don't want any heightened prices charged, either."

He threw himself into the chair, hitched his belt around in front of him, laid his revolver across his lap, and told the dentist that if he hurt him he would shoot the top of his head off.

"Very well," replied the dentist, with a slight laugh; "then you must take gas, for this is a bad tooth, and will give trouble."

The cowboy swore but finally yielded, and with a parting threat submitted to the respiration, and presently was insensible.

With great skill the man of the forceps pulled the tooth, and then, before his customer regained consciousness, he securely tied him hand and foot to the chair, which was firmly screwed to the floor. Then taking the bully's revolver out of his belt, the dentist took up his position where the patient could see him when he came to.

As the cowboy struggled back to consciousness, the first thing of which he was sensible was the dentist pointing the revolver at him, and saying in quiet tones:

"Now then, don't move. Just open your mouth as wide as possible, and I will shoot the bad tooth off. This is the painless process. No danger, sir, unless you happen to swallow the bullet. Are you ready? Then here goes! One, two, three."

Bang! went the revolver, knocking a hole in the wall, and the dentist rushed forward holding out the tooth in his hand to show the now terrified bully, who roared for mercy and begged to be released, thinking that he had fallen into the hands of a madman.

The dentist finally cut his bonds on condition that his customer should restore the riddled sign outside of the office. And after paying \$5 for the extricated tooth, which the dentist grimly declared to be the regular price for painless operations, the crestfallen cowboy departed, convinced that appearances are sometimes deceitful, and that even a tenderfoot may have nerve.

Indigestion is the direct cause of diseases that kill thousands of persons annually. Stop the trouble at the outset with a little Prickly Ash Bitters; it strengthens the stomach and aids digestion. Sold by Evans Pharmacy.

—Mrs. Malinda Verner was painfully burned by an explosion of gunpowder at her home in Wallalla. She was putting some powder in the cob of an ear of corn to be given to a cow.

The pith had been burned out and the ear dipped in water to extinguish the fire. A charge of powder had been put in the cob and Mrs. Verner was tamping when it exploded. Her left hand and face were badly burned. It is thought that her eyesight is not injured. Mrs. Verner is seventy-seven years old and on account of her advanced age her wounds are more serious.

—While the turkey's natural life is only ten years, the goose, if left unkindled, will sometimes live to fifty years.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—A good railway engine will travel about 1,000,000 miles before it wears out.

—Candy has been added to the army ration by order of the secretary of war.

—Recruits for the Chinese army are not accepted unless they can jump a ditch six feet wide.

—Men who attribute all their failures to fate never think their successes may be due to the same cause.

—It is a curious fact that the honey-bee was never known in the United States till imported from England.

—There is a well in West Virginia which discharges natural gas with a roar that can be heard six miles away.

—Of about 30 recognized coaling stations in the Pacific, Great Britain owns at least twelve, and the United States six.

—In Paris it is required that every vehicle traversing its streets at night, if only a wheelbarrow, shall carry a lantern.

—Political economy has been defined as running for office and letting your friends bear the expenses of the campaign.

—Playing cards were first printed about 1350. It is estimated that the present annual output exceeds 7,000,000 packs a year.

—This would be a pleasant world in some respects if women had as much confidence in their husband's words as they have in the word of a peddler.

Before the discovery of One Minute Cough Cure, ministers were greatly disturbed by coughing congregations. No excuse for it now. Evans Pharmacy.

—A Chinese patient at Bellevue Hospital, New York, accepted the Christian faith in his dying moments, despite the protests of two of his countrymen.

—Competent judges of the growing wheat crop in Indiana say that it is badly damaged by recent rains and in many localities there will be over half a crop.

—Young Willie Vanderbilt and Miss Fair will begin housekeeping with a total capital of \$16,000,000. Their golden wedding seems to come right at the start.

For a quick remedy and one that is perfectly safe for children let us recommend One Minute Cough Cure. It is excellent for croup, hoarseness, tickling in the throat and coughs. Evans Pharmacy.

—Bates—"That nephew of yours called me a blackguard." Yates—"Just like Ben; no tact about the boy. I've always told him that the truth was not to be spoken on all occasions."

—At San Francisco the other day Evangelist Moody delivered an address urging that more kindness be shown to criminals. While he was talking a thief crept into the building and stole his overcoat.

—On account of the ravages of caterpillars on the foliage last summer, it is believed that this year's maple sugar harvest in Vermont will be a total failure. The maple sugar season has begun, and the makers find the trees are sapless. Some think the trees are dead.

—Mrs. Kirby, of Bridgeport, N. J., cracked the shell of one of the eggs she was putting to hatch under a hen, but she patched it with adhesive plaster and let it go with the others. The other week it hatched out the biggest chick in the lot.

—A "patent egg" compound is used largely in hotels and bakeries. It is obtained from the eggs of fish-eating sea-birds, which can be found by the million on the low, uninhabitable islands of the Atlantic coast. A pound costs 45 cents, and is equal to 72 hen eggs.

ONLY ONE CURE FOR SCROFULA.

S. S. S. is the Only Remedy Equal to this Obsolete Disease.

There are dozens of remedies recommended for Scrofula, some of them no doubt being able to afford temporary relief, but S. S. S. is absolutely the only remedy which completely cures it. Scrofula is one of the most obstinate, deep-seated blood diseases, and is beyond the reach of the many so-called purifiers and tonics because something more than a mere tonic is required. S. S. S. is equal to any blood trouble, and never fails to cure Scrofula, because it goes down to the seat of the disease, thus permanently eliminating every trace of the taint.

The serious consequences to which Scrofula surely leads should impress upon those afflicted with it the vital importance of wasting no time upon treatment which can not possibly effect a cure. In many cases where the wrong treatment has been relied upon, complicated glandular swellings have resulted, for which the doctors insist that a dangerous surgical operation is necessary.

Mr. H. E. Thompson, of Milledgeville, Ga., writes: "A bad case of Scrofula broke out on the glands of my neck, which had to be lanced and caused me much suffering. I was treated for a long while, but the physicians were unable to cure me, and my condition was as bad as when I began their treatment. Many blood remedies were used, but without effect. Some one recommended S. S. S., and I began to improve as soon as I had taken a few bottles. Continuing the remedy, I was soon cured permanently, and have never had a sign of the disease to return." Swift's Specific—

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

—Is the only remedy which can promptly reach and cure obstinate, deep-seated blood diseases. By relying upon it, and not experimenting with the various so-called tonics, etc., all sufferers from blood troubles can be promptly cured, instead of enduring years of suffering which gradually but surely undermines the constitution. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable, and never fails to cure Scrofula, Eczema, Cancer, Rheumatism, Contagious Blood Poison, Boils, Tetters, Pimples, Sores, Ulcers, etc. Insist upon S. S. S.; nothing can take its place. Books on blood and skin diseases will be mailed free to any address by the Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

O. D. ANDERSON & BRO.

FLOUR FLOUR!

590 BARRLS.

GOT every grade you are looking for. We know what you want, and we've got the prices right. Can't give it to you, but we will sell you high grade Flour 25 to 35c cheaper than any competition. Low grade Flour \$3.00 per barrel.

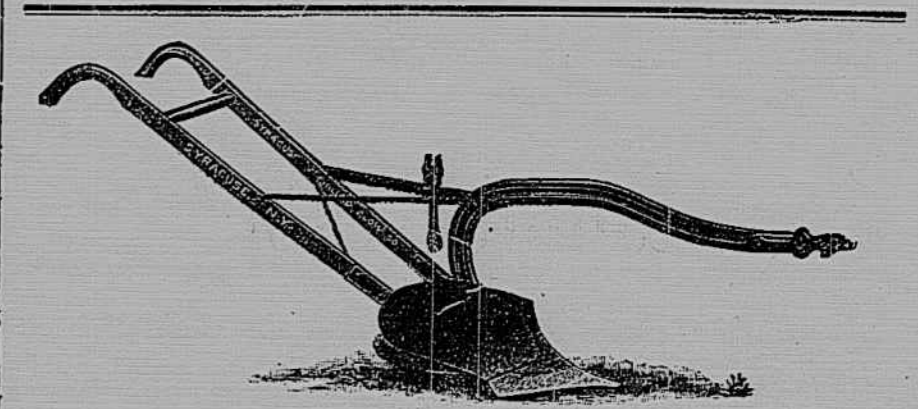
Car EAR CORN and stacks of Shelled Corn. Buy while it is cheap—advancing rapidly. We know where to buy and get good, sound Corn cheap. OATS, HAY and BRAN. Special prices by the ton.

We want your trade, and if honest dealings and low prices count we will get it.

Yours for Business,

O. D. ANDERSON & BRO.

Now is your chance to get Tobacco cheap. Closing out odds and ends in Caddies.



Experts disagree on almost everything, but when the subject touches upon the great Superiority of

THE GREAT SYRACUSE TURN PLOW

There is but one opinion, and that is that it is the best Plow on earth. Syracuse Plows are designed right, made right, sold right. They will turn land where others have failed, and build for themselves a demand wherever introduced. The popularity of this Plow comes from genuine merit. Competitors will tell you that they have something just as good, but don't be deceived—there is but one best, and that is the SYRACUSE.

We also sell the—

SYRACUSE HARROWS,

And Syracuse Harrows, like Syracuse Plows, are thoroughly Up-to-Date. See us before buying.

Yours truly,

BROCK BROS.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Condensed Schedule in Effect Oct. 10, 1898.

STATIONS.	Ex. Sun. No. 17.	Daily No. 11.
Lv. Charleston	8:00 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Lv. Columbia	6:10 a.m.	12:10 p.m.
" " " " " "	6:25 a.m.	12:25 p.m.
" " " " " "	6:40 a.m.	12:40 p.m.
" " " " " "	6:55 a.m.	1:00 p.m.
" " " " " "	7:10 a.m.	1:15 p.m.
" " " " " "	7:25 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
" " " " " "	7:40 a.m.	1:45 p.m.
" " " " " "	7:55 a.m.	2:00 p.m.
" " " " " "	8:10 a.m.	2:15 p.m.
" " " " " "	8:25 a.m.	2:30 p.m.
" " " " " "	8:40 a.m.	2:45 p.m.
" " " " " "	8:55 a.m.	3:00 p.m.
" " " " " "	9:10 a.m.	3:15 p.m.
" " " " " "	9:25 a.m.	3:30 p.m.
" " " " " "	9:40 a.m.	3:45 p.m.
" " " " " "	9:55 a.m.	4:00 p.m.

STATIONS.	Ex. Sun. No. 15.	Daily No. 12.
Lv. Charleston	5:00 p.m.	10:15 a.m.
Lv. Columbia	6:00 p.m.	10:40 a.m.
" " " " " "	6:15 p.m.	10:55 a.m.
" " " " " "	6:30 p.m.	11:10 a.m.
" " " " " "	6:45 p.m.	11:25 a.m.
" " " " " "	6:55 p.m.	11:35 a.m.
" " " " " "	7:10 p.m.	11:50 a.m.
" " " " " "	7:25 p.m.	12:05 p.m.
" " " " " "	7:40 p.m.	12:20 p.m.
" " " " " "	7:55 p.m.	12:35 p.m.
" " " " " "	8:10 p.m.	12:50 p.m.
" " " " " "	8:25 p.m.	1:05 p.m.
" " " " " "	8:40 p.m.	1:20 p.m.
" " " " " "	8:55 p.m.	1:35 p.m.
" " " " " "	9:10 p.m.	1:50 p.m.
" " " " " "	9:25 p.m.	2:05 p.m.
" " " " " "	9:40 p.m.	2:20 p.m.
" " " " " "	9:55 p.m.	2:35 p.m.

STATIONS.	Ex. Sun. No. 13.	Daily No. 14.
Lv. Charleston	8:00 p.m.	11:00 a.m.
Lv. Columbia	6:10 p.m.	12:10 p.m.
" " " " " "	6:25 p.m.	12:25 p.m.
" " " " " "	6:40 p.m.	12:40 p.m.
" " " " " "	6:55 p.m.	1:00 p.m.
" " " " " "	7:10 p.m.	1:15 p.m.
" " " " " "	7:25 p.m.	1:30 p.m.
" " " " " "	7:40 p.m.	1:45 p.m.
" " " " " "	7:55 p.m.	2:00 p.m.
" " " " " "	8:10 p.m.	2:15 p.m.
" " " " " "	8:25 p.m.	2:30 p.m.
" " " " " "	8:40 p.m.	2:45 p.m.
" " " " " "	8:55 p.m.	3:00 p.m.
" " " " " "	9:10 p.m.	3:15 p.m.
" " " " " "	9:25 p.m.	3:30 p.m.
" " " " " "	9:40 p.m.	3:45 p.m.
" " " " " "	9:55 p.m.	4:00 p.m.

Fullman palace sleeping cars on Trains 35 and 36, 37 and 38, on A. and C. Division.

Trains leave Charleston, A. & C. Division, northbound, 6:30 a.m., 8:30 p.m., 10:30 p.m. (Vestibule Limited); southbound, 12:30 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 12:30 p.m. (Vestibule Limited).

Trains leave Greenville, A. & C. Division, northbound, 6:45 a.m., 8:45 p.m., and 10:45 p.m. (Vestibule Limited); southbound, 12:45 a.m., 12:45 p.m., 12:45 p.m. (Vestibule Limited).

Trains 9 and 10 carry elegant Pullman sleeping cars between Columbia and Asheville, Asheville daily between Jacksonville and Columbia.

FRANK S. GANNON, J. M. GULF, Third V.P. & Gen. Mgr., Washington, D. C. S. E. HARDWICK, Asst. Gen. Agent, Atlanta, Ga.

W. A. TURK, Gen. Pass. Agt., Washington, D. C.

Time Table No. 7.—Effective Nov. 1, 1898.

Between Anderson and Wallalla.

WESTBOUND.	STATIONS.
------------	-----------